

has often exhibited a wicked, which, he said, was to do the deed. The truth of these statements may be ascertained by the police upon inquiry of his associates here; but it is certain that he talked in a wild, reckless way about the war, and that his sympathies were entirely for the rebels. Of this, we believe, he made no concealment, and it is reported that his brother Edwin turned him out of his house a short time ago in consequence of his treasonable utterances. Still no one who knew him was prepared to believe him a cowardly assassin.

In person John Wilkes Booth is a younger specimen of Edwin. It is needless to say, then, that he is a rare specimen of manly beauty. Not tall, but most gracefully formed, with regular features, large dark eyes, dark brown hair and a perfect complexion, this young man possesses the charms of Adonis and almost the strength of Hercules. He dresses with exquisite taste, and his ordinary manner is quiet, reserved, dignified and gentlemanly. He is unassuming and much given to amuse himself. It is said that he is an opium eater, but it is only a slight habit, frequently taken to excess. Although so slightly built, ninety-five men out of a hundred would be no match for him in fighting. He is a dead shot, a fencer, a thorough horseman, and a master of the dagger or bowie-knife. His personal bravery has been unquestioned, and many of his friends have wondered why he did not join the rebel army, in which his sympathies were already enlisted. If he was the assassin of President Lincoln he had the nerve, the skill with weapons, the knowledge of the exits and entrances of the theatre, and the acquaintance with the localities about Washington necessary to accomplish his villainous purpose. Nor were there serious obstacles, directly important, to his successful execution of his nefarious design. He was situated for the conception and execution of such a deed in the theatre. But his friends and acquaintances never thought that he had the murderous heart, the moral perversity and the inexpressible wickedness which stamp the assassin as the vilest of God's creatures.

#### The Booths in Boston.

This forenoon a gentleman called in Barton's saloon, No. 41 Congress street, that he had been told by John Wilkes Booth, within a few weeks, that he intended to kill the President. Some of his hearers immediately went to the police, and officer Curtis Clark, of the Second station, and detective George R. Curtis immediately proceeded to the saloon and took the person into custody. His name is J. H. A. Boler, and he belongs to Pittsburgh, Penn. He is a dealer in boots and shoes, on Broadway, in that city, and was in this city buying boots. We understand that he reports the conversation between Booth and himself to have taken place in Pittsburgh. Boler remains in custody.

Edwin Booth, a brother of the assassin, has been playing an engagement at the Boston theatre for the past three weeks, and was to have taken his farewell this afternoon. He was stopping with a friend in this city. When the terrible intelligence was conveyed to him he was thrown into the greatest affliction. It is not likely that he will ever appear upon the stage again. The performance announced for to-day will not take place, and manager Jarrett has issued a notice to the effect that, owing to the appalling calamity which has befallen the theatre, dramatic performances will be suspended until further notice. The conversation between Booth and himself to have taken place in Pittsburgh. Boler remains in custody.

John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, was in this city during the latter part of last week, and we believe, as late as last Monday of this week. He has frequently visited Boston, having friends here, and he did not hear that his visit on this occasion was in any way connected with business. He has appeared upon the stage only a few times this season, having interested himself in all speculations, and by that means become quite wealthy. At the beginning of the season he gave up all the engagements he had already made, and for some time devoted himself almost exclusively to his business at Old Creek, where, at one time, he was associated with an old friend who formerly lived in South Boston. His appearance on the stage in this city was at the Howard Atheneum, about a year since. At that time he was vehement and bitter in his denunciations of Mr. Lincoln and his administration, and to violent in his expressions of joy over every Union defeat that he was frequently cautioned, and at last avoided by his brother actors.

When he left the city he expressed his undying hatred of the North and the Union, and threw out some vague hints of vengeance, which were not regarded at the time as meaning anything more than a desire that the rebel

Boys should succeed.

**Junius Brutus Booth.**

CINCINNATI, April 15, 1865.

Junius Brutus Booth, a brother of J. Wilkes Booth, was announced to appear at Pike's Opera House to-night.

It is understood that he was compelled to leave the city in great haste.

#### MOURNING IN THE PRODIGES

The Buildings Covered with

Crape.

Fearful Excitement and Indignation of the People.

Meetings in Wall Street, Nassau

Street and Other Places.

THE PLACES OF AMUSEMENT CLOSED.

SERVICES AT THE CHURCHES,

&c., &c., &c.

Never was the transition from excessive joy to the depth of bitter sorrow so strikingly illustrated than in this city yesterday. By a singular coincidence of things, it so happened that on Good Friday, that solemn festival on which the Christian world mourns the sacrifice of the God man on the cross, and when persons of nearly every Christian creed are engaged in adding services commemorative of the event, our people found a very unusual motive for rejoicing. The cause for the jubilation was the death of the President of the United States, the Secretary of War. The entire community felt as if a great festival had been removed. All classes expressed an irrepressible emotion of grief and delight, and retired to rest at night with a soul at ease and comfort and security unknown for months. Joy was on every face and hope in every heart.

On Saturday morning what a contrast! If an earthquake had come and whelmed in ruin one-half this fair city no greater consternation could have been exhibited than was seen to-day. "The President assassinated!" "My God, can it be?" were the expressions of horror and amazement. The first emotion was so overpowering that little else could be uttered than brief, but expressive and exclamations of horror and surprise. The first emotion was so overpowering that little else could be uttered than brief, but expressive and exclamations of horror and surprise.

It was followed by a momentary flash of doubt. It might not be true; it might be a hoax, or it might not be so bad as it was represented. The death of the President was a great calamity, but it was not a disaster. The first emotion was so overpowering that little else could be uttered than brief, but expressive and exclamations of horror and surprise.

After a few hours after the announcement of the President's death the entire city was in mourning. Houses were draped in black, and the streets were filled with people in mourning. The first emotion was so overpowering that little else could be uttered than brief, but expressive and exclamations of horror and surprise.

At the Fifth Avenue Hotel an impromptu meeting was got up at dinner, and Mr. Chauncey Shaffer, being called upon to address the company, made a few remarks, in which he expressed deep regret that assassination should have been inaugurated. He said he had a band some tribute to the memory of the deceased Chief Magistrate, and that he would be glad to see the people of the city united in mourning for him. He said he had a band some tribute to the memory of the deceased Chief Magistrate, and that he would be glad to see the people of the city united in mourning for him.

At the Hoffman House, where General Scott stops, calls were made by distinguished gentlemen upon the general, but he declined to receive them. He was able to see the people of the city united in mourning for him.

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view of this awful dispensation, to signify those sentiments of public respect and grief, due alike to the great station and to the noble character of the President of the United States, which now pervade the whole people, and have plunged them in universal darkness and mourning.

C. G. GUNTER, Mayor.

ORDER FOR MAJOR GENERAL PECK—HALF HOUR GUNS TO BE FIRED.

Major General Peck, in command of the Department of the East during the absence of General Dix, issued the following appropriate order:

GENERAL ORDER NO. 20.

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE EAST, NEW YORK, April 15, 1865.

The Major General in command, with the deepest sorrow and profound grief, has received the intelligence of the death of the President of the United States, and in token of public respect and grief, has ordered the following to be observed:

Commanding officers of the different posts and camps in this department will, on the day following the receipt of this order, cause guns to be fired at every hour, beginning at sunrise and ending at sunset. The days will be devoted to the funeral obsequies at the city of Washington, and to the funeral obsequies at the city of Washington.

By command of Major General PECK.

D. T. VAN BUREN, Colonel and Assistant Adjutant General, Office.

WILSON BARSTOW, Aid-de-Camp.

CLARENCE H. SEWARD NOT WOUNDED.

In the morning papers yesterday Mr. Clarence H. Seward, nephew of the Secretary of State, was reported to be among those injured by the assassins. It turns out that he was not in Washington at the time at all, and that Major William Seward was the one who was meant.

Mr. Clarence H. Seward had just returned from Washington to this city, where the horrible news was learned by him. He arrived here immediately to the city of Washington, and the news of the death of the President was learned by him.

Mr. Seward writes under date of Washington, April 14—

I thank you sincerely for the kind expression of sympathy contained in your letter of yesterday. My father's condition, we think, is now gradually improving from day to day, though he still suffers much pain.

LETTER FROM FREDERICK W. SEWARD.

Probably the last letter written by Mr. Frederick W. Seward was received this afternoon by Mr. George Francis Train. Mr. Seward writes under date of Washington, April 14—

I thank you sincerely for the kind expression of sympathy contained in your letter of yesterday. My father's condition, we think, is now gradually improving from day to day, though he still suffers much pain.

THE CITY IN MOURNING.

The intense feeling of grief among the people at the untimely death of the President was amply reflected in the robes of death which darkened every thoroughfare of this city yesterday. The spectacle presented was worth a thousand homilies on affliction and death. New York, which had countless banners waving in the sunlight, and which had been holding a grand procession in honor of the trophies which signalled the restoration of peace and Union—cast off these signs of triumph and prepared to become a city of mourning.

The transition was as sudden as the assassination which called it forth. Within twenty-four hours the metropolis, renowned for its eternal coquette, fashion and gaiety, its array of ensigns and its general panorama of cosmopolitan life, seemed like a vast cemetery which held a million of alliberals.

One of the principal features of the display was the rapidity with which it appeared. There was no preconcerted action among the community; each citizen felt, by instinct, that he was to do his part, and he did it. The streets and other thoroughfares were soon filled with the robes of death, and the city was transformed into a vast cemetery.

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